

TWISTED

TALES™

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No. 9

RECOMMENDED
FOR MATURE
READERS



OKAY, ENOUGH PROcrastinating...
I'VE WASTED ALL THE DAY, WATCHED
"GLUSH'S ISLAND," RE-ARRANGED MY
PAPERBACKS AND CHECKED THE MAIL—
BOX SIX TIMES...

...NONE OF WHICH HAS PUT THE
DEADLINE FOR THIS JOB BACK A
SINGLE DAY...

IT'S TIME TO SIT DOWN AND FACE
THAT DREADED BLANK PAGE...

WARPED PANELS

CHOM PETE: GET A GRIP ON YOUR
SELF, THE "WELL NEVER RUNS DRY."
HOW ABOUT A NICE JACK-THIEF RIPPING
TALE? YEARN!

"...AND THE SINISTER SLAPS-OF-THE-
SUPER-GLUED-UNDETECTED-THROUGH-
THE-POSS-ENSHROUDED—!!"

TACKA
TACKA TACKA



LEASES... NOW
ABOUT A GOOD OLD
FASHIONED WHEAT-
WOLF STORY...

SAMEWAY MOTHER PROBABLY
OF THIS AND I'LL END UP WITH A
PERMANENT ARREST

ALL I LOVE IS A CAPPARDO
CAPPARDO THAT'S IT?

"-THE TESTING-CRESCENT-CRAWLED-
CLIMBING-FROM-THE-GROVE-MAJORITY-
GARDEN-OF-NO-LOSING-FLIGHT-DEPARTING-
FROM-THE-OUTSCANT-."

1994

100



1994



MANY EVERYONE WOULD ACCUSE
ME OF BIRPING OFF & C....

MAYBE I OUGHTA
APPROACH THIS
THING FROM ANOTHER
ANGLE

I'LL START WITH A SEEMINGLY
INNOCENT SCENE, THEN ASSUE
ABRUPTLY INTO A SUDDEN
GOLT OF CRAWLING HORREUR!

SHE WAS A LOVELY FOL, SLIM
AND STURGEON- AND-POISED
YET SHE LONGED DESPERATELY
FOR THE TOUCH OF A REAL MAN

...SHE LID THIS FANCY FOR-
WOMERS.... IT WAS AN
CONTROLLABLE, EVEN THE
THOUGHT OF A WINTER GET-
HER OFF....

WHEW, TOO LOSENY! WOMEN
LIKE THAT DON'T REALLY -

--BRIET (GULP)

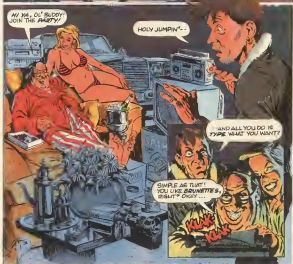
SPURD

TACKA TACKA TACKA TACKA

WHEW! TOO LOSENY!

SNEECH

DRING





PRESTO!

GOOD LORD...



OH!

KINDA SWEET-
LEGGED... HERE...

**TALK
TALK
TALK**

SHRINKING



THIS IS **IMPOSSIBLE!** LISTEN, I NEED A NEW PYSYCHIC REEL AND MY DISPATCHER'S ON THE BLINK AND --

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT ARE WE DOING? THIS CAN'T BE REAL! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ALL OF IT!

IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING YOU'D READ IN A COMIC BOO--

GOOD GOD, THAT'S IT! WE ARE IN A COMIC BOOK! PETE, LOOK! LOOK OUT THERE!



(GASP!)... G-SOMEONE'S REWRITING US...

--LOOKS LIKE A GONAD SLIPPED BACK BEHIND HIM... WONDER IF HE'S GOING TO BUY US...



I THOUGHT THAT TYPEWRITER LOOKED FAMILIAR!



LOOK HERE IN **Twisted Tales #3**, "DIFF' REPT" DRAWN BY **DOUG WILDER**--IT'S THE SAME CREEPY PLOT!



LEW 'BOUT MONSTERS? BATTING MONSTERS! EVERYONE LIVES VIOLENCE!

MY GOD, PETE! **QUICK!** TYPE SOMETHING! ANYTHING! IF WE LOSE THE DRAWERS INTEREST HE'LL STOP READING--HALL OUE!

I KNEW THAT GUY JONES WAS RUNNING DEEP...

**TALK
TALK
TALK**



DEADLIGHTS

IT WAS LATE, AROUND MIDNIGHT. BOB, DEAN, AND I WERE HEADING BACK HOME TO BELLEVILLE. HENRY'S DOODLE CHALLENGER. IT WAS A FAST CAR, SO WE USUALLY TOOK IT. DEAN'S CAR WASN'T EXACTLY SLOW, BUT HE WENT THROUGH IT UP AND IT WAS IN THE GARAGE NOW WITH A CARBURATOR PROBLEM AND WOULDN'T BE READY TILL MORNING. I NEVER TEASED DEAN MUCH ABOUT HIS MUSTANG BECAUSE IT WAS BETTER THAN WHAT I HAD, WHICH WAS NOTHING.



DEAN SAT IN BACK, PORTING OVER HIS RECENT BREAK-UP WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND LORE. BOB AND I WERE UP FRONT. LORE DROVE IN SLIGHTLY ON THE RIGHT-TRACK WHEAT FIELDS AND HOO GANG WENT BY IN THE DARK FLANKING MS U-S-24.

DEAN HAD SAID "SHIT" IN THE BACK SEAT, BUT BOB AND I DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, AS HE WAS PROBABLY STILL UPSET ABOUT LORE.



STORY: CHARLES WAGNER ART: BILL WRAY
Coloring: Bill Wray Lettering: John Workman



A MONTH BEFORE, DEAN HAD TOLD US SOME SHIT-STORY ABOUT BEING FOLLOWED BY HEADLIGHTS THAT HAD NO CAR BEHIND THEM. IT WAS A STORY A COUPLE OF OTHERS AROUND TOWN HAD MURDERED—DEAN KEN TRYING TO EXPLAIN WHY THEY WERE OUT LATE BY SWITCHING THE SUBJECT TO GHOSTLY HEADLIGHTS.



LIKE A LOT OF THINGS DEAN SAID, WE TOOK IT WITH A GRAIN OF SALT. I SQUINTED HARD AND SAW ONLY HEADLIGHTS, WHICH WERE NORMAL FOR THAT DISTANCE IN THE DARK.

THE HEADLIGHTS BEGAN TO GAIN ON US. "COMMUNICATION'S BREAKDOWN" POURED OUT OF THE SPEAKERS.



DEAN WAS RIGHT. THE BRIGHT BEAMS GLANCED OFF THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR AND BOB'S EYES.

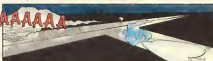
THE CABIN OF BOB'S CHALLENGER GREW BRIGHT AS DAY. DEAN SEEMED TO BE TRYING TO MERGE WITH THE CAR THAT BOB MOTIONED FOR THE CAR TO PASS, BUT THE LIGHTS STAYED CALLED TO OUR REARER.





THE HEADLIGHTS BAGED OFF OUR TAIL, SLOWING TO A NEAR HALT. THEY MADE THE TURN ONTO OLD 41. I TRIED TO SEE WHAT KIND OF CAR WAS BEHIND THEM, BUT COULDN'T.

WHAAAAAA



BOB CAME OVER TO MY PLACE THAT SATURDAY FOR A GAME OF HORSE. WE WERE SHOOTING THE BALL WELL THAT DAY, WITH OUR SPIRITS OFF, HOPING TO START OUR SUMMER TANS...

DEAN'S CAR CRASHED INTO THE DRIVE AND PULLED UP TO THE WEST SIDE OF THE COURT. DEAN STEPPED OUT WITH A FLOURISH, THE PERSONAL BANKER DRIVING IN GLAYS OF COOL IN HIS HAND.



HE SAUNTERED COOLY OVER WHILE SUCKING ON HIS COKE.



SOME GUY GOT KILLED IN A WRECK TWENTY YEARS AGO OUT BY THE OLD 41. THRU-OPP. MY DAD TOLD ME ABOUT IT.

I DON'T REPEAT BECAUSE VERSION OF THE TALK. SHE SAID THAT CALLED HIM "TALKED THE TALK" AND HEARD WHAT THE TALKER SPOKE. THERE WAS A GUY NAMED BILL WALLACE WHO FOSTERED CALLED HIM "TALK" BECAUSE HE WAS BUILT LIKE A FIRE PLUG.



I DO SOME TALKING AROUND AND AROUND MORE. BOB'S Aunt DAVE US MOST OF THE DIAL STORY. SHE SAID THAT TALK HAD BEEN DATING HER BEST FRIEND, BECKY HUNTER...



BECKY LIKED TALK ALL RIGHT, BUT SHE REALLY WANTED TO GO ON TO COLLEGE. WHEN A GUY LEAVES BECKY, SHE USUALLY MEETS A LOT OF NEW PEOPLE. MOST GUY'S COME BACK BECAUSE FOR VERY TALK WAS THE KING OF ALL WHO WANTED TO SETTLE DOWN IN BELOIT.



HE WAS A MESSIAH AND A GUY WHO GRAD WAS BEING TALKED ABOUT. HE WAS IN A BIG MESS AND APPARENTLY TRICK TO TURN ON TO OLD 41. HE WAS GOING TOO FAST AND ROLLED HIS MESS.



BOTH GALS LIVED IN GLASSO, SO TALK DID A LOT OF COMING AND GOING BETWEEN BELOIT AND GLASSO. MUCHAS WE DO. TALK HAD BEEN DATING BECKY FOR YEARS AND HE WAS WORKING UP TO A PROPOSAL. THAT BECKY PROBABLY WOULD'VE REFLECTED.



ANYWAY TALK NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO PROPOSE. HE WENT TO GLASSO THAT DAY EVENING TO SEE BECKY. BUT BECKY Aunt TOLD HIM SHE HAD ALREADY GONE OUT.



HOOFNAGS MADE BANK TOBE OFF IN HIS WHEEL. HE WAS HOOFNAGS TO THE STRONG BRICKS AND HER DATE. BANK INLETS START BOKE A WIDE HOUSE. HE PULSED THEY'D HEAD FOR BELLOT...



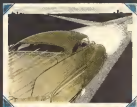
DRIVING HARD, BANK UNCONSCIOUSLY WANTED TO GET TO BELLOT BEFORE THE BRICKS GOT OUT SO HE COULD CATCH BRICKS AND THE NEW CAR BEFORE THEY GOT TO HIS CAR. BUT WHEN BANK GOT NEAR THE OLD W TURNOFF, ANOTHER THOUGHT PROMPTLY OCCURRED TO HIM...



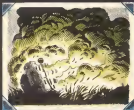
EVIL IN 1935, IT WAS A VINTAGE STRIP OF ROAD, A NARROW RIBBON OF OLD, CRACKED CONCRETE THAT RAN NORTH-SOUTH FOR SIXTY MILES. IT WOULDN'T VERY WELL-TRAVELED BUT ITS SHALLOW CRACKS MADE FOR EXCELLENT TRACKS...



THE THOUGHT THAT BANK, BRICK AND THE NEW CAR WERE TRACKING ON OLD W GOT TO BANK SO HARD, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO - SO HE ENDED UP GOING NOWHERE...



IF YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, IT'S NOT HARD TO IMAGINE BANK'S GHOST REAPING UP L.S. 24 LOOKING FOR BRICK. HE'D KEEP HIS EYES ON TO SEE IF HE COULD PEEK BRICKS CASE TO SEE IF BRICK WAS THERE. THEN HE'D COMPLETE THE RICH ON TO OLD W. THAT'S A PRETTY STUPID NOTION...



BOBBY HATER COLLINS WROTE TO NEW YORK IN 1960 AND BOB'S AUNT ASSURED HIM IT WASN'T FEAR OF HEADLINES THAT MADE THE MOVIE ATTRACTIVE TO HER. BUT IN 1976, THE OLD NEWS-MAKER STORY WAS ALL BOB, DEAN, AND I KNEW ABOUT.

THAT SATURDAY EVENING, THE THREE OF US CRUISED A-11 STREET IN BOB'S DOGS BEFORE MAKING THE ESSENTIAL TRIP TO GLASSCO. WE HAD OUTRIS, EXCEPT FOR DEAN, BUT THE PROSPECT OF ENCOUNTERING THE LIGHTS AGAIN WAS STRONGER THAN ANY DAY BEFORE OF 2000.

THE NIGHT WAS UNIDENTIFIED. WE RANDED IN A CHAOTIC, HOOKING FOR SOME NECK. NO, BUT THE RING WASN'T COOPERATING. DECEASED. WE TOOK THEM HOME AND LEFT GLASSCO. ON THE WAY BACK, I WAS IN MY CUSTOMARY PLACE IN THE BACK SEAT.



RRROOORR WHAAA

SACMAN TOWER OVERDROVE WAS SINGING AT US TO TOWN MARKS ALL NIGHT OVER THE NIGHT-TRACK. I GLANCED OUT THE BACK. THERE WERE HEADLIGHTS TO OUR REAR, COMING ON FAST.



BOB GROWLED, STOMPING THE PEDAL.



THE CHALLENGER ROARED AND HIT TO.



THE HISTORY OF



WE ARRIVED TO A DEAD HALT IN THE MID FIELD



OUR HEADLIGHTS RAN INTO THE CRASH, BROWN STALKS AROUND US. THE TAPE HAD BROKEN, AND MY KIDS PLAYED SOFTLY IN THE CAR. IN THE FRONT SEAT, BOB AND DEAN REMAINED, THEIR HEADS UNBROKEN BY THE CRASH.



THEN STRANGE THINGS BECAME POSSIBLE. I SAW THEM PASS BY, BUT THEY DIDN'T TURN ONTO OLD HIGHWAY 41. THEN JUST SWITCHED OFF...



LATELY, THE TALK AROUND TOWN IS THAT THE HEADLIGHTS THAT FOLLOW YOU FROM GLASSO ARE BACK. ONLY DIFFERENT. IT SOUNDS STRANGE NOW, INSTEAD OF TALK. LIKE THE HIGH BEAMS OF A DOG.



COME TO THINK OF IT, I'D BETTER PUT FLOWERS ON MY FRIENDS' GRAVES.



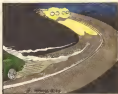
PAINFULLY, I TURNED AND LOOKED OUT, BACK THROUGH THE CRASH WIND MADE. THE HEADLIGHTS HAD STOPPED, AS IF TO ALLOW THEIR UNDOING. OVER TO VIEW THE ACCIDENT.



IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE THE CRASH. IN A FEW WEEKS I'LL BE MOVING ON TO WICHITA TO START A NEW JOB. BEFORE THEN, I'M HERE VISITING. I'LL STOP BY BOB'S AND DEAN'S GRAVES AND LEAVE THEM SOME FLOWERS.



LAST NIGHT, COMING INTO TOWN, THEY WERE TO RUN ME OFF THE ROAD.



SO DON'T BELIEVE ME!!

I DON'T CARE. *THEY DUST!!* (THEY DO?) AND THEY WAIT (ON YES.)

THEY WAIT

IN THE DARK, TO SUCK
THE MARROW FROM
YOUR BONES. TO
SCOOP THE SOFT
TASTY PARTS
FROM YOUR
SKULL!
(FOR DELICACY.)

BUY IT...

OR
ELSE!!

AND THEY'RE
COMING,
BROTHER!
THEY'RE COMING.

FOR
YOU!!

AND ONLY ONE
MAN CAN STOP
THEM.

DOC STEARN...

WORMONSTER

by Michael T. Gilbert & William F. Loeb



TWICE UPON A TIME, IT TOOK TIME TO MAKE A HERO...

AND IN THE TIME YOU JUST TOOK
TO BLINK, HE CRASHED EVERY
MOMENT OF INFINITY, MAKING
THE PAST SAFE FROM THE FUTURE.

NEW FROM



*NINE-CROCODILE,
THE EBONY!
SHADOW-KNIGHTS,
FIVE-WORLDS,*

*BIG BEN'S ROBBY BANGER,
WALKING NIGHTSHAUNTS, LOVE
AND DEATH, THE GHOST OF
RAYMOND CHANDLER,
SEWER-GATEWAYS TO
WONDER, DARKRODS,
SLUD-SLIME, QUETZALCOATL*

*RETRO-ANIMATE, A JUKEBOX STOCKED WITH THE
HITS OF THE AGES, MONTEZUMA CONTEMPORARIES, AND
THE CURRENT ADDRESS OF AMELIA EARHART--
ALL THIS AND MORE LURKS WITHIN THE STRANGE PAGES OF*

AZTEC ACE

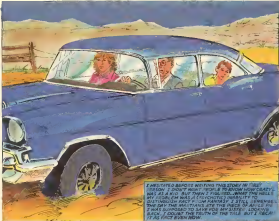
DOUG MICHAEL NESTOR
MOENCH HERNANDEZ REDONDO
AND DAN DAY

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ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL COMICS SHOP OR SUBSCRIBE NOW



I WRITING BEFORE WRITING THIS STORY IN 1987
REASON I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW HOW GREAT
WAS AS A KID. BUT THEN I FIGURED, WHAT THE HELL.
MY LEGAL FAN BOSS, A FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE TO
SOUTHWESTERN ROCK MUSIC PARTNER. I STILL REMEMBER
THE WAY THE REALITY AND THE FEEL OF AVOID FOR
I WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE WAS MY STORY. LOOKING
BACK, I DON'T THE PLOT OF THE TELL, BUT I REMAIN
IT AS FACT EVEN NOW.

ANYHOW, THAT'S HOW I MANAGED TO BE ON MY WAY TO
MY FIRST, LOSTING LIVES OUTSIDE OF AROUND, KANSAS, TO
LEAVE THE SUMMER OF 1988 AWAY FROM THE CITY
OF AUSTIN, TEXAS, AND MY COMING BACK, TO AUSTIN
IN THE WINTER, 1989, AND I LEARNED HOW TO
BEHOLD, I WAS BEHOLDING, A REAL, BOY.

AND BECAUSE, AT SOME FUTURE TIME, I MAY SPEAK
THE FOLLOWING TO BE A TRUTH, JUST REMEMBER THE
MATTERS AND STOLE THE NAME AND AND TRY NOT
TO TAKE TOO SERIOUSLY THE STORY I CALL...



SPADE *the* WEREWOLF *and* ME

STORY: JAN STERNAD ART: VAL MAYERIK • Coloring: Tom Lutz Lettering: Cody



A WOLF? HE'VE BY AND I DIDN'T THINK MUCH MORE ABOUT JARMAL GUNN AND HIS GOAT. I KNEW HE WAS FULL OF CRAP. I HAD NO IDEA HE WASN'T MUCH OF A POINTER EITHER... AS I LEARNED WHEN UNCLE LARRY TOOK ME OUT TO TEACH ME HOW TO SHOOT.

HE HADN'T FIRED A SHOT-- JARMAL CHASED WOLF OF THE SHOE AWAY BEFORE HE GOT TO IT-- THEN HE FOUND THE SHOT. IT'D BEEN TOUGH LUCK, LIKE THE GOAT.



I THEN REALIZED HE WAS THINKING JARMAL WAS THE BLACKLY DOG, BUT THEN I REALIZED, THE TRICKY TRICKY, AS A/S AS JARMAL TO DO THIS STYLE OF SHOOTING.



I HAD TO DO SOMETHING. I HAD TO FIND THE WOLF-- SO I WENT TO IT FIRST.

THE NEXT NIGHT I SLEPT OUT
AFTER HUNTING. I WAS SCARED AND
WAS WORRIED THE MONSTER I HADN'T
KILLED WASN'T DEAD. I WAS FRIGHTENED
BUT I HADN'T A CHOICE. I HADN'T A CHOICE.



IT FOUND ME. IT WAS HUGE—THREE
THE SIZE OF AN ORDINARY WOLF.
AND ITS FUR WAS GLIMMERING IN THE
MOONLIGHT. I HADN'T A CHOICE.



FOR ABOUT A SECOND I
WAS TOO SCARED TO SHOOT.

IT WAS A HUGE WOLF AND I
WAS TOO SCARED TO SHOOT.
I HADN'T A CHOICE. I HADN'T A CHOICE.



I SHOULDN'T HIT IT, BECAUSE IT KNOWS, NOT TOO
STRONG ON ITS FEET.



"CHEER UP, BOY!"
HERE, BOY!

LOOKS LIKE HE NIPPED YOU.
PRETTY GOOD. HE'D BETTER
GET BACK SO I CAN CLEAN
YOU UP.



I'D SAY I KILLED HIM.
BUT I'LL TELL UNCLE
JERRY—HE'LL WANT THE
BASTARD DOWN!

BUT I DIDN'T TELL UNCLE JERRY, BECAUSE, NOT
WHEN I SAW THE DEAD DOG, IT ALL MADE
SENSE. THEN THE GREAT WOLF WENT TO
HIDE. HE'D SURPRISED THEM. THE KILLER
WAS CHANGING WITH FULL MOON. LOOKED
UP, HE WAS LARGER. SART HAD BEEN RIGHT
HOW DARK AFTER ALL.



SAID HERE A COW
WAS KILLED LAST
NIGHT. TORN APART.
MATTERLY EATEN.

I COULDN'T TELL UNCLE JERRY—I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
GETTING USED TO THAT KIND OF THINGS. INSTEAD,
I GOT WOUNDED MY HEAD, VERY ASSEMBLY, WHEN HE
SAID.



I THINK WE'D BETTER
FOLLOW SOME ON HIS
BOARDS TONIGHT.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, AND I WAS GLAD TO BE
OUT IN IT. I WAS SURF THE MOUNTAINS AND DEAD
THAT WAS FEELING HIS GATE. ONLY UNCLE JERRY
WAS IN MY AND TALK.



PRETTY SOON DAD
LEFT US BEHIND.
UNCLE JERRY STAYED
AND SCRATCHED HIS
HEAD. I WENT LONG
AND AROUND SOME
WHERE CLOSE. IN
MYSELF, REMEMBERED
FAR FROM I WAS
WITH HIM.



THAT WAS WHEN WE HEARD A GROWL,
SOUNDING BEHIND US.



IT WAS DARK. I KNEW IT EVEN BEFORE I SAW THE
WHITE PATCH ON MY CHEST. IT WAS JUST THEN
THAT I FELT I'D BEEN BITTEN BY THE MONSTER
AND UNDER THE FULL MOON, AND IT TRANSFORMED.

JAMES JUMPED UP
 AND WAS CHARGED
 BACK INTO A FURIOUS
 LUNGING AND BATT
 AS HE FELL



I HEARD JAMES YELLING A - IN DARK AND NIGHT AND
 LIES WERE IN MY HANDS. I HAD TO SMASH DOWN



THAT WAS BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF ME
 AGAIN. THAT'S UP AND ON THE GROUND OF
 ATTACKING, AND THERE'S A BATTLE AND
 BACK TO THE



AND THEN HE RAN TOWARD
 STILL FACING, STILL AT THE
 BATTLEFIELD, HE CRIED OUT
 IN CONFUSION AND DESPAIR



I TOOK HIM, AFTER MY MY
 BROTHERS AS I HAD JUST
 BEEN BORN AT AND I DON'T
 WANT TO KILL HIM, BUT AS
 HIS PART IN THE BATTLE
 WAS TO BECOME A
 MONSTER







DENNIS ETCHISON'S

WET SEASON

MADSEN WATCHED THE BLACK CROWD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOVING GELATIN WALL AS RAINWATER POURED DOWN IN TRANSLUCENT SHEETS OVER THE WINDSHIELD. HE DID NOT LISTEN TO THE RATHERLESS TATTOO. INSTEAD HE FELLOWSHIPED WITH HIS EYES THE GROUP OF BLACK SHADOWS FLOATING PAST THE CAR.

I-I SHOULDN'T
HAVE MADE YOU
COME, LOTS

THAT'S ENOUGH,
TIM. AFTER ALL, SHE
WAS MY STEPDAUGHTER.
I WOULDN'T HAVE FELT
RIGHT OTHERWISE...

I ONLY WISH I
COULD HAVE GOTTEN TO
KNOW HER BETTER—THAT
SHE MIGHT HAVE BECOME
A TIME, MY LITTLE
GIRL, AS WELL...

IT WAS—JUST—ALL
THE ANGEL AROUND
HER—

IT'S BEEN YEARS,
FOR YOU, SHARLINE. I
KNOW. TRY NOT TO
THINK ABOUT IT.

WE'D BETTER
GO PICK UP THE TANKS.
YOUR BROTHERS PROBABLY
LOANED HIS TRUCK BY
NOW.

HEY, YOU TWO!
COME ON IN!







"BUT THEN THEY
THREW THE NEXT GAME
TO THE 'MOTHERN'
RUSSELL."

"AW, SHE'S
GOD, DRINK
IT!"

"WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S WRONG?"

"I DON'T WANT
SEE IT. I DON'T EVEN
KNOW IT'S RIGHT, OR
IF I OUGHT TO
SEE IT."



"I CAN TALK ABOUT
BARLA NOW, PROBABLY
IT WOULD DO ME GOOD.
I KNOW I HAVE TO
FACE—"

"THAT'S NOT
WHAT I'M TALKING
ABOUT. LISTEN
TO ME, AND DO
YOU FEEL IT?"

"FEEL—
RIGHT?"



"SOMETHING...
ABOUT THIS HOUSE,
THE WAY IT SMELLS
NOW, THE WAY THE CHAIRS
CREAK WHEN I SIT DOWN,
THE COLOR OF THE LAMPS
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LIKE
THE ROOM IS SOMEONE
WANTED OR SOMETHING
ALL SINCE SOMEONE
MOVED IN..."



"HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED ANYTHING,
HELL, APPARENTLY ABOUT
THE PLACE SINCE LORI AND HER
WAS MOVED IN? LIKE IT ISN'T
REALLY FEELS ANYMORE?"

"LOOK, EVERYONE HAS
TO HAVE ADJUSTMENTS
WHEN THEY MOVE—"

"THAT'S NOT WHAT
I MEAN! EVERY
PERSON HAS A
RHYTHM, A PATTERN
TO HIS EVERYDAY LIFE.
YOU CAN GO INTO A HOUSE
BEDROOM, IT SENSES
LIKE ANY, THE BED SENSES
A CERTAIN WAY WHEN YOU
SIT ON IT, BECAUSE IT'S
BEEN SHAPED TO FIT EVERY-
ONE AND SENSES JUST
RIGHT OVER THE YEARS—"



"—IT'S LIKE A HOUSE BOARDS UP WHAT
A MAN IS, THE WAY HE FEELS ABOUT
LIFE. AND THE WOMAN HE MARRIES
SHE SEEMS TO FIT RIGHT IN, FIT
JOHN AND THE HOUSE, LORI DOESN'T
FIT ANY, SHE'S NOT HOME, YOU KNOW?
HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED SOMETHING
...UNKNOWN ABOUT LORI?"

"SHE'S AN
UNUSUALLY
ATTRACTIVE
WOMAN IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU
MEAN."

"HELL, IT'S NOT JUST HERE
IT'S THE WHOLE TOWN! I'M
SO YOU KNOW HOW MANY WOMEN
LIKE THIS WERE HAD IN THE
LAST TWENTY-THREE YEARS?"



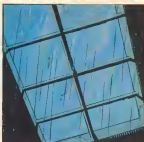
"I'LL TELL YOU, THREE. BUT
IN THE LAST TWO YEARS,
FIVE BIG ONES, AND THE
RIVERS FLOODED ITS
SAVES FOUR TIMES."

"WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
GETTING AT,
BART?"









Back Issues

Astec Ace

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| — 1 Sold out | — 2 \$2.00 |
| — 3 \$2.00 | — 4 \$1.75 |
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- | | |
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| — 1 \$2.00 | — 2 \$1.75 |
| — 3 \$1.50 | — 4 \$1.50 |



— 1 (Masthead Only)

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- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| — 1 Sold out | — 2 Sold out |
| — 3 \$2.00 | — 4 \$1.75 |
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| — 7 \$2.00 | |

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- | | |
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| — 3 \$2.25 | — 4 Sold out |
| — 5 \$1.75 | — 6 \$1.50 |
| — 7 \$1.50 | — 8 \$1.50 |
| — 9 \$2.75 | — 10 \$1.75 |



— 1 (Masthead Only)

John Law, Detective

- | |
|------------|
| — 1 \$2.00 |
|------------|

Mike Mist

- | |
|------------|
| — 1 \$2.00 |
|------------|

Ms. Tree

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| — 1 Sold out | — 2 Sold out |
| — 3 \$1.50 | — 4 \$1.50 |
| — 5 \$1.50 | — 6 \$1.50 |
| — 7 \$1.50 | — 8 \$1.50 |
| — 9 \$1.75 | |



— 1 (Masthead Only)

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